Chriſtmas Lamentation,

For the loſſe of his Acquaintance, ſhowing how he is forſt to leaue the Country, and come to London. To the tune of, *Now the ſpring is come.*

Chriſtmas is my name, farre haue I gone,
Haue I gone, haue I gone, haue I gone,
without regard.
Whereas great men by flocks there be flowne,
There be flown, there be flown, there be flowne,
to London-ward.
Where they in pomp, and pleaſure doe walke,
That which Chriſtmas was wonted to feaſt,
Welladay.
Houſes where muſicke was wont for to ring,
Nothing but Batts and Howlets doe ſing,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where ſhould I ſtay.

Chriſtmas beefe and bread, is turn'd into ſtones,
Into ſtones, into ſtones, into ſtones,
and ſilken rags.
And Ladie money ſleepes, and makes moanes,
And makes moanes, and makes moanes, and, &c.
in Pilers Bags.
Houſes where pleaſures once did abound,
Nought but a Dogge and a Shepheard is found,
Welladay.
Places where Chriſtmas Reuells did keepe,
Is now become habitations for ſheepe.
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where ſhould I ſtay.

Pan the Shepeards god doth deface,
Doth deface, doth deface, doth deface,
Lady Ceres throwne.
And tillage that doth goe to decay,
To decay, to decay, to decay,
in euery Towne.
Land-lords their rents ſo highly inhance,
That Pierce the Plow-man, bare foot may dance,
Welladay.
And Farmers that Chriſtmas would entertain,
Haue ſcarce where with themſelues to maintain,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where ſhould I ſtay.

Come to the Country man, he will proteſt,
Will proteſt, will proteſt, will proteſt,
and of Bull Beefe loſt.
And for the Citizen hee is ſo hot,
Is ſo hot, is ſo hot, is ſo hot,
he will burne the roſt.
The Courtier he good deeds will not learne,
Nor will he ſee poore Chriſtmas forlorne,
Welladay.
Since none of theſe good deeds will doe,
Chriſtmas had beſt turne Courtier too,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where ſhould I ſtay.

BRITISH MUSEUM

1. 46. 6. 38. 136.

The second part. To the same Tune.

Pride and luxury they doe devoure,
Doe devoure, doe devoure, doe devoure,
house-keeping quite.
And beggery that doth beget,
Doth beget, doth beget, doth beget,
in many a Knight.
Madam to Cloth in her Coach she must wheell,
Although she weare her hose out at heele,
Welladay.
And on her backe weare that for a weed,
Which me and all my fellowes would feed,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where should I stay.

Since pride that came up with yellow starch,
Yellow starch, yellow starch, yellow starch,
poore folkes doe want.
And nothing the rich men will to them giue,
To them giue, to them giue, to them giue,
but doe them taunt.
For charity from the Country is fled,
And in her place hath left nought but need,
Welladay.
And Corne is growne to so high a price,
It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where should I stay.

Direfely for to end, here I doe find,
I doe find, I doe find, I doe find,
so great vacation,
That most great houses seeme to attaine
To attaine, to attaine, to attaine.
a strong purgation. (shewed,
Where purging pills, such effects they haue
That forth of doores their owners haue shewed,
Welladay.
And where as Christmas comes by and calls,
Nought but solitary and naked walls,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where shall I stay.

Philomes cottage was turn'd into gold,
Into gold, into gold, into gold,
for harboring Iove,
Rich men their houses for to keepe,
For to keepe for to keepe, for to keepe,
might their greatnesse moue.
But in the City they say they doe liue,
Where gold by handfulls away they doe giue,
Ile away.
And thither therefore I purpose to passe,
Hoping at London to finde the golden Asse,
Ile away.
Ile away.
Ile away.
for here's no stay.

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